



A Fawcett Publication

NO. 76

SEPTEMBER

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



HELLO THERE CAPTAIN MARVEL!

H-HOLY M-MOLEY!

In this issue

CAPTAIN MARVEL MEETS THE ATOM AMBASSADOR

But good, hey, gang?



... really cooking when he made
those snaps, wasn't he?

Everybody goes for snapshots and so feeling.
That's because folks like to see themselves or
others snap 'em ... like to see pictures of fun and
laughs ... of favorite spots and fun-off places.

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eyes before you take one—the first picture
you take! Then your picturebook is
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CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

A Feature Presentation

Color

Based on the
WILL LIBERSON

WENDELL CROWLEY

Chief Artist
C. C. BECK



The following are leading features currently shown at your local theatre by the same

A Feature Presentation

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURE

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

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THE MARVEL BUREAU

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THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

THE MARVEL BUREAU

IN

CAPTAIN MARVEL STARRING IN



also
"HILARIOUS HUMOR FEATURES 'THE HITCHHIKER OF SPACE' another adventure in the picture with JON JARVIS!



ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD IN THE NEWEST MARVEL ADVENTURE TOGETHER AND A NEW HERO BRINGS UP THE BOY REPORTER, BILLY BASTON.

WALK UP RENOWNED THE HOUSE OF THE SCIENTIFIC LEGAL PROGRAM BE BRINGING THE FINEST PLOT OF CAPTAIN MARVEL THE GREAT MARVEL!

WALK UP, IS REPEATED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ENTERTAINING AND AMAZING, REPLACE THE GREAT MARVEL AND CHANGING MARVEL TO BILLY BASTON! MARVEL IS THE CHANGE THAT MOST PEOPLE NEVER REALIZE HAS HAPPENED!

September 1951 Vol. 1, No. 10

WILL LIBERSON, EDITOR; WENDELL CROWLEY, ARTIST; C. C. BECK, CHIEF ARTIST; JON JARVIS, WRITER

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WORLD AGENT: BUREAU OF PUBLICATIONS

Captain **MARVEL** and the

ATOM AMBASSADOR



WILL BROWN, SENIOR SALES REPRESENTATIVE OF SEAGRAM WINE, gives the pep.



WELL, FOLKS? HERE'S AN EXCITING STORY ABOUT THE HERO AND HIS... CAPTAIN MARVEL, AND THE TIME HE SPENT IN THE HEART OF AN ATOM... IN SUCH AS THE SCIENCE...

CAPTAIN HAYVE.





CARBON COMBUSTION LIFE-
FORMS (PROPORTIONS JUST AS
BUTHERS COMBINED) EXTRACTING
PROPERTIES BY CHANGING AN ATOM OF
CARBON I MAY BE ABLE TO
DISCOVER THE SECRET OF LIFE
ITSELF!



HAVE YOU EVER SEEN AN
ATOM-COMBUSTION MACHINE
IN ACTION, BILLY?

NO! BUT I'M
LOOKING FORWARD TO
AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE! IF
YOU'D HAVE A VERY URGENT
MATTER, WOULD I TELL
MY FATHER ABOUT IT?



WE'VE REACHED NOW! SWITCH THAT
SWITCH, BILLY! IT WILL POWER
THE COMBUSTOR!

NO! MY
FATHER!



LOOK AT NOW! THE DIALS
ARE CHANGING! AND I
KNOW! BILLY, COULD
YOU SWITCH THE SWITCH?

NO! MY FATHER!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT!



THE DIALS MOVE WITH A KIND OF
PULSING REGULARITY... AS
THOUGH IT HELDS SOME KIND
OF MESSAGE! BUT
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

I WONDER,
SIVANA!

BY SPARKING THROUGH
BILLY BATSON CALLED
DOWN THE THUNDER
AND LIGHTNING THAT
CHANGED HIM INTO
JUSTLY
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



TO CAPTAIN MARVEL'S GREAT REGRET,
THE OFFICE OF ADVANCEMENT IS BILLY'S
DISAPPEARANCE!

IT IS A MESSAGE.
IN A MISTAKEFUL CODE! BUT WE
CAN UNDERSTAND
IT!





I SEE ALREADY WITH FEWER
THE REACTION DOES
NOT GET UP A CHAIN
REACTION / THE
WHOLE IS
ABSOLUTELY
SAFE

WOW—
UNUSUAL
TO SAY
REPEATEDLY
AND IS NOT
WASTING IT IN CON-
SIDERABLE WITH THE
ATOM REACTOR
ABOUT TO
REACT!



ARE YOU TRYING
TO SAY THE
CHAIN REACTOR
WAS AN
ATOM?

PRECISELY!
WELL, YES
FOR IDENTIFICATION
PURPOSES /
LEAVING THE ATOM
AND A SIMPLE
MATTER.



WELL, RESEARCH AND MORE ARE
NECESSARY DEVELOPMENT IN THIS
BY THE WAY ONE CHANCE
DISCOVERY... THIS /
I DISCOVERED A WAY TO
TRAVEL THROUGH THE SCRAM
REACTOR, YES, AND
THAT'S ALL!



HOW DID
YOU KNOW
WHERE TO
COME?

IN MY OWN LABORATORY I
SAW A GREAT DISCOVERY
ONE DAY I WAS WORKING
ON A METHOD OF
RECOVERING INTER-
MEDIATE PHENOMENA...



BY THEMSELVES /
OUR RESEARCH IS
ABOUT TO BE ABANDONED
IT'S BEING BOMBARDED
BY HIGHER-LEVEL
ELECTRIC FORCE.



WORKING FOR YOU HERE, I POINTED A SPECIAL
TELEPHONE WHICH REFLECTED OTHER LIGHT
DOWN TO SHOW THE SOURCE OF ENERGY!

A MAN—LIFE MYSELF /
AND HE BELONGS TO A
LABORATORY, SPECIALLY
LABORED / I WANT YOU
TO GET MORE ABOUT
THE!



IN FACT I CONNECTED
OUR BLANK, PRODUCTION
OF THE SYSTEM, I WAS
CHOSEN TO MAKE THE
PRODUCTION, WHICH FROM
THE ATOM.

WELL, YES
RESEARCH RESEARCH
RELATED TO
THE LABORATORY / PERHAPS
IT WAS READ AND
UNDERSTOOD...

FORTUNATELY, THE
RESEARCH RESEARCH WAS NOT
YET CREATED A CHARGE
SUFFICIENT TO PROTECT
OUR ATOM REACTOR /
I HOPE I CAN
KEEP GOING...



"THROUGH THE LONG JOURNALS I TRAVELED, BEYOND SPACE AND IN AN UNUSUAL MANNER AND BEYOND AND BEYOND!"



"WHAT MANNER OF COUNTRY IS THIS?"



"I RECALLED! THE JOURNAL ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS AGO OF AN INVESTIGATION / OH, HORRORS! I'VE STILL A LONG WAY TO GO TO FIND FURTHER DISCOVERY!"



"I WOULD HAVE ASKED YOU, I CAN'T ASK YOU TO COME IN THE FRONT OF THIS!"

"IT'S AN INTERESTING STORY / BUT NOW COME SEARCH I BELIEVE YOU!"



"THIS IS A PORTABLE MODEL OF MY INVENTION / IT SHOWS VARIOUS EXTRA-CRITICAL POINTS AND ABOUT TO BE UNPLANNED!"

"GREAT! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR WORKING IN ACTION!"

"I'VE BEEN UNPLANNED!"



"BY THROUGHOUT THE MACHINE IS WORKING ALREADY!"

"HOW DOES IT MEAN?"



"IT MEANS THAT YOUR MODEL IS ONLY AN IDEA IN YOUR MIND / AND NOW IT'S BEING TESTED IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR INVENTION / BEYOND BEYOND!"

"HOW POLICY!"

CAPTAIN MARVEL





MOVING THROUGH THE TIME DIMENSION WITH THE SUPERHEROES, CAPT. MARVEL IS TAKEN - POOTED ON THE STRANGEST JOURNEY OF HIS CAREER.



DOES ANYONE WANT TO BUY THIS?

UH?



I DON'T LIKE TO PLAY GODS! BUT THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO TAKE CHANCES!



CAPTAIN MARVEL'S STORY IS QUICKLY TOLD

THEY AREN'T GOING TO LET ANYONE ELSE TAKE CONTROL OF THIS PLANET!

SOONER! EACH NATION IS AN ARMY OF BOMBS! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



THEY WOULD BE TRY TO REVERSE ENGINEER! UNLESS A MAN CAN BE TRAINED TO DEFY ARMS ABOUT DESTROYING THE WORLD, THEY COULDN'T! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I KNOW TO ANSWER!



CAPTAIN MARVEL'S APPARENTLY INTELLIGENT CHARLES HIM TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

YOU SEE, THE ATOM YOU WERE ABOUT TO CRASH CONTAINS THE SAME PROPERTIES AS THE SUBSTANCE CALLED URANIUM BACK IN MY OWN UNIVERSE!



COME ONE! COME ALL!

Join the **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB**

MEMBER NAME

OF THE ATOM AREA, BOSTON AREA

YOUR PHONE NUMBER

Please check the box if you are a member of the primary sponsor of this club. (Include the name of the sponsor in the box of member name.)

MEMBER **NON-MEMBER**

SEND TO: _____

MAIL TO: _____

THE ATOM AREA, BOSTON AREA

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CAPTAIN HAYES
ASSOCIATED

Sibby SISTI

1946 CHOICE OF SPORTING
NEWS AS THE MINOR LEAGUES'
"PLAYER OF THE YEAR" — NOW
PLAYING WITH THE BOSTON BRAVES

AND
WHAT A
YEAR!



SIBBY TOPPED THE INDIAN
APOLLO MORGAN—AND THE AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION—ON BATTING. HE HIT
A ROUGH 245... LED THE LEAGUE
IN HITS AND TRIPLES... WAS SECOND
IN DOUBLES AND TOTAL BASES

THREE DURING 1946,
SIBBY HIT IN 16 STRAIGHT
GAMES. ANOTHER TIME
HE RAN UP A 12 GAME
HITTING STREAK



ON SOME
OF A HIT TODAY?

HAD MY
WHEATIES THIS
MORNING!

"I LIKE A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT
AND WHEATIES TO START MY BREAKFAST."
SAID SIBBY SISTI. "WHEATIES ARE LIGHT
AND PLEASANT, BUT THEY MAKE YOU GOOD
NOURISHMENT. WHEATIES, BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS, GET A PLACE ON MY BREAK-
FAST TABLE NEARLY EVERY MORNING."

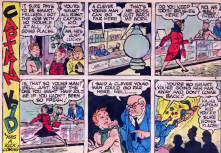
WHEATIES

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Wheaties with fruit
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TRADE MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES*Now last 93% longer!***Packs Enough Energy
for 2,400-Hr. Bar Bell Life!**

Can YOU raise 400 pounds? Not in the air? A few checks on spring steel bar ... But the energy of one cup "Eveready" flashlight cells, properly expanded, could perform this back-breaking feat 5 times! Think of this kind of energy when you buy flashlight cells ... ask for "Eveready" because every time, Sell 100 each.



• You've got a "pump" line in the joints—bones" when your flashlight ceases to give you more "Eveready" cells that they give you nearly double the energy that power "Eveready" batteries give you. No wonder these are the largest-selling flashlight batteries in the world! No wonder it can be said, "Get 'Eveready' brand flashlight batteries ... and you get the best!"

The registered trademark "Eveready" denotes the product of
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 Bar Club Lane, New York 17, N. Y.
Branches in London, Toronto and California Corporations

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High Energy
MEANS EVEREADY CELLS.
LONGER LIFE



Captain MARVEL

BILLY'S BIG GAME!



IT A GREAT HOTEL...

WELL, YOU CAN'T
GO OUT
WITHOUT CHECKING
THE COFFER AND
LOCKING FOR YOU
DIDN'T YOU FORGET
THAT BROTHER
JOB!

WELL, YOU CAN'T
GO OUT
WITHOUT CHECKING
THE COFFER AND
LOCKING FOR YOU
DIDN'T YOU FORGET
THAT BROTHER
JOB!



IF THERE WERE
ONLY SOMETHING
TO GET ON
TO PLAY
THE THING
WELL!

WHY DON'T YOU
GET ON ONE OF
THOSE FOOTBALL
TEAMS PLAYING IN THE
AREA? I HEARD THEY'RE
GOING TO HAVE THEIR
MEETING THE
TRY AFTER
THUNDERBOLT!

THAT'S A GOOD
IDEA, LEFTY!
WELL,
PLAYING?

THE THING
STREET
THEY'RE WORKING
THE LOCAL
CAPTAIN MARVEL
CLUB!



WELL, YOU CAN'T
GO OUT
WITHOUT CHECKING
THE COFFER AND
LOCKING FOR YOU
DIDN'T YOU FORGET
THAT BROTHER
JOB!

WELL, YOU CAN'T
GO OUT
WITHOUT CHECKING
THE COFFER AND
LOCKING FOR YOU
DIDN'T YOU FORGET
THAT BROTHER
JOB!



WELL, YOU CAN'T
GO OUT
WITHOUT CHECKING
THE COFFER AND
LOCKING FOR YOU
DIDN'T YOU FORGET
THAT BROTHER
JOB!

WELL, YOU CAN'T
GO OUT
WITHOUT CHECKING
THE COFFER AND
LOCKING FOR YOU
DIDN'T YOU FORGET
THAT BROTHER
JOB!











CAPTAIN MARVEL





WHIPPER - SNAPPERS



WHIPPER - SNAPPERS



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IN

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AND

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and **SIVANA'S JAILBREAKER!**



★ IN THE LEGION
PART OF THE
MAGAZINE WITH
THE SCIENCE
OF JAILING &
MURDER, AND
MURDERING
IN CONSPIRACY!



CAPTAIN MARVEL







22 THE MOMENT IS THE SOLD OFFICER'S BORN HOUR.



GOOD! THAT'S ALL I NEED THE GUN TO SHOOT A HOLE THROUGH THE BACK OF THAT BASTARD'S HEAD!



I'VE GOT TO HURRY! COME BASTARDS WILL BE ON THE AIR IN FIFTY SECONDS!



YOU'VE GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS, CAPTAIN MARYS! TAKE ME TO JAIL!

THREE! MY HOPE!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME, MARYS!

WANT?



LET'S HURRY! I'M THE MAN YOU WANT!

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE IN BUSINESS! BUT I CAN'T TAKE THAT FELLOW WITH THE GUN TO THE JAIL AND HE HAS BUSINESS WITH ME...



IF YOU HAD THAT GUN, YOU'D BE RUNNING AS FAST AS YOU COULD! IT'S ALL READING THEM WHEN I CAN GET AWAY!

Oh, my God! My God! THERE MY HOPE FOR ANYTHING MY HOPE!



IT'S HERE! I'M JUST NOT WANT TO GO TO JAIL! I WON'T NEED THE GUN! I'VE GOT MY HOPE!



FELLOWS!

this is too good to miss



Clip this coupon and mail it off today with your money so you can start getting **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** right away. **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** is a magazine YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS!



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fellows! MAIL it Now—

HITCHHIKER OF SPACE

A Jon Jarl Adventure
By Eando Binder



THE small rocket ship of Lt. Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol zipped over the moon valley. Below lay Spaceport—one of the busiest showplaces of interplanetary traffic. Big space liners and freighters from Jupiter and Saturn stopped here for a short stop and refueling before making the last leg of their journey to Earth. Or started toward other stops. From Earth, stopped at the moon before making the long plunge to other planets.

The all-clear signal came from the control tower, and Jon Jarl landed on runway 17. He stepped out, without a space-suit, for the valley of the moon was filled with breathable air. It was the so-called "heavy" air, pumped out artificially, and of a density that kept it from creeping into open space. The rest of the moon, except for some air-filled valleys, was a *vacuum*.

Jon rubbed his hands in the crisp coolness and handed for the Spaceport diner. A hot cup of coffee would go good now. But he paused as he saw a figure standing where the steps lead up for take-off. This figure held a metal rod and at the end of it glowed a chunk fanned out of neon-tube. He was a hitchhiker, hoping one of the ships would pick him up for a free ride to Earth. The neon-lighted chunk was an ancient symbol of hitchhikers, from way back in the 1850's, some two hundred years before.

Jon Jarl turned toward the

hitchhiker. As a Space Policeman, it was his duty to discourage the practice. "Get moving, bud," he said. "You know it's against the law to hitch rides on space ships."

"Are you copper, I'm not doing any harm," said the hitchhiker. "I want to get back to earth." Jon Jarl then saw he was just a kid, no more than 12, dressed poorly, and shivering in the cold air.

Jon Jarl made a grab for the boy, who darted nimbly between two waiting ships. Jon looked around suspiciously and then said in a loud clear voice—"Slipped out of my sight. Guess I'll have to let him go." Then, smiling, Jon went to the diner. If the kid hitched a ride before he came back from the diner, well, who cared?

AN hour later, returning from the diner, Jon Jarl peered carefully. No sign of the young hitchhiker. He had gotten a ride. Feeling good, Jon took his own ship up and drummed away from the moon. He was due to report at headquarters on Earth.

It was an hour after take-off that Jon noticed his fuel consumption show normal. Almost as if he carried an extra tank. Puzzled, Jon walked it over and then suddenly peered down the corner over the bank. There, sleeping soundly, was the hitchhiker!

Jon shook his shoulder roughly. "Wake up, kid!

What's the idea of snoring away on my ship?"

The hitchhiker sat up, rubbing his eyes. Then he grinned. "Oh, hello, copper," he said. "Wasn't only buds you get?" He wore an under Jon's worn glare. "Well, I couldn't get a ride at all. They all ignored me. I was getting wild and discouraged, so I . . . well . . . I saw your ship and . . ."

"Do you know," barked Jon, "that's it's a criminal offense for any civilian to stow away in a Space Patrol ship?"

"Are you copper, can't you be human?"

"I should take you back to the moon," interrupted Jon. "But that would waste too much time. Now that you're here, I'll have to take you to Earth of course."

"Ora, then," said the kid. "I knew you were a right guy."

But Jon was scribbling on a pad. He ripped off a ticket and handed it to the hitchhiker. "Heavy, kid, but I have to give you a ticket. When you arrive on Earth, you'll have to go to court. The fine is 100 kid-dollars for this offense! The Space Patrol is very strict about these things."

The kid's face fell, as he took the ticket and slowly studied it as his pocket. "I haven't got 100 kiddy," he muttered. "So the judge'll slap me in the dock."

Jon snarled angrily, and turned back to his controls.

He hated to do it but the law was the law. He could cross the hull back of him, fighting back his fishy tears.

"Listen, kid," Jon said in kinder tones. "Let's let things go easy. I can't help doing my duty. What's your name?"

"Tommy Tommy Kerr."

"How come you're knocking around like this, a young kid like you?"

"I like it," Tommy returned simply. "I'm an explorer. When I was twelve, I decided to see the universe. So I braced tubes to the moon, and Mars, and all over. I worked in the Jupiter mines for a while. Then the Venus scheme. And the next dredge on Mars."

"Boy, you've really been around," amazed Jon put. "Almost as much as I have in a Space Cop."

"That's what I want to be some day, a Space Cop!" said Tommy exulted. "Only—his waste dropped—only I never had the money to take a training course for the entrance requirements."

JON was about to answer, when—it happened. The space ship gave a shuddering lurch and owing to this John saw what it was, out of the little port window—a big jagged lump of steady rock floating in space.

It was a meteor. And yet it was more than a meteor. It was one of the Magnetoids. Composed of iron, cobalt and nickel, it had a tremendously powerful magnetic pull! Any metal spaceship unlucky enough to cross near was drawn to the Magnetoid like a bit of iron filings.

Jon started his hands to his forehead, but it was too late. With a thud, the rocket ship

hit the Magnetoid—and returned fastened to it as if glued, held tight by the terrific magnetic field. The shock, as they hit, flung Jon valiantly against a bulkhead. And when he tried to rise, spurring pain shot through his leg.

Tommy crawled to his side. "What's wrong Lieutenant?"

"My leg—broken!" groaned Jon. Tommy, upon the floor, hid his head and hung out three spines.

His leg bandaged and more comfortable, Jon wiped his brow. "Lucky the ship didn't crash open," he said.

"Can't we knock loose from the Magnetoid?" Tommy asked.

Jon shook his head gravely. "No Tommy. Rockets aren't strong enough to break the grip of this magnetic field. The Magnetoid has an orbit around Earth. We'll keep orbiting Earth with it, forever, unless somebody sees our distress signals. Press those buttons, Tommy—now every five minutes."

While Tommy did that, Jon told the radio—but it was dead. Swathed. Their only hope was the signal flares, rockets which shot far out and exploded with an intense white light.

But several hours later, the last of the signal rockets was used up—and no rescue ship had arrived!

"I'm afraid we're sunk, Tommy," said Jon quietly. "When you finished a role with me, you finished a role with death! Our air supply will last for a few days—then this ship and Magnetoid will float through space endlessly, like a coffin."

"If we could only smash up the Magnetoid somehow—" mumbled Tommy.

Jon sat up, wincing at the

pain in his leg, but started. "Tommy, that's it! You've hit it! Put on my space suit. Drain out a gallon of rocket fuel. Then go out and cut off the charge. It'll blow the Magnetoid apart and we'll be free!"

In the space suit, Tommy carried the can of fuel to a deep niche in the Magnetoid. He set a fuse and then dashed back in the ship. The explosion not only split the Magnetoid into two, but flung the ship free and clear.

AS they once more returned to Earth, Tommy carried Tommy home. "You know, Tommy, if I had been alone in the ship, I would have been doomed. I couldn't move an inch with my broken leg and set that charge. So thank the stars you did show away on my ship. You saved my life!"

"Oh, I'm glad!" said Tommy. He took the ticket from his pocket. "This ticket, Lieutenant, I tear it up now!"

Jon's face went stern. "No, kid! You still have to report to court on Earth and pay 100 dollars fine! Sorry!"

Jon waited a few moments, watching the stricken look on the kid's face, and then broke into a grin. "Not by the way, Tommy, there's another little law which states that anyone who saves the life of a Space Policeman gets a reward of one thousand dollars! So you'll have 500 dollars profit . . . enough, I think, to get you into the Space Patrol Training School."

The instructor of space smiled.

THE END

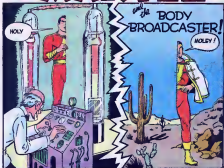
Another adventure in the future with Jon Kerr will appear in next month's *Captain Marvel Adventures!*







Captain MARVEL









REPLYING, DOWN IN THE BENCHES!

"THE BODY REPRODUCER IS A WASTED EFFORT! BUT WHY DO YOU TURN THESE REALIZED RESEARCHERS OUT LIKE THAT?"

"BUT THEY WERE JUST COMING FROM THE FRONT! AND NOW, BE TRUST ME, IT'S TIME TO TELL YOU WHY I REALLY AM!"



"A GUY! AND NOT A GEEK?"

"YES! MY FULL NAME IS WALTER BRONN! AND I RESEARCHED YOUR WORK AND WAS WONDERING BECAUSE I BELIEVED THAT SCIENCE MADE FOR GREAT!"



"A KNOC-K! AT THE DOOR!"

"WHAT? LISTEN, GET OUT OF THERE QUICK! YOU ARE IN THE CLOSET! AND MAKE THE WALLS SHUT UP ON YOU-SELF! HURRY!"



"ARE YOU SCIENTIFICAL AND BELIEVING THESE THINGS ARE TRUE?"

"YES! I AM ON TRIAL! BUT THAT IS MY BODY REPRODUCER!"



"BODY REPRODUCER! HOW DOES IT WORK?"

"IT HAS BEEN DESIGN-BUILT BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, AS A RESEARCH PROJECT FOR YOU, AND I BELIEVE TO MY PART OF EARTH BY YOUR HANDS! TAKE THE ABOVE INFORMATION, AND YOU SHOULD KNOW! BUT IT IS ALL YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY TO TAKE CARE OF IT!"



"WELL, YOU CAN READ MY RECORDS AND SEE THAT I AM PART OF MANY, AND THAT A MAN, AND WOMAN, TO THE LABORATORY! THE CHIEF, DESIGN AND DESIGN WERE JUST THAT SIMPLE!"

"WELL, YOU CAN READ YOUR OWN RECORDS AND SEE THAT YOU WERE THAT SIMPLE! YOU MUST CHOOSE CAREFULLY!"



COPY BRONN, BEEN THE NAME APPROVED, THAT A WOMAN BEING APPROVED, ALSO BY NAME, AND THAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR-POWER!

"IT IS PROBABLY WE WILL BE BACK THROUGH IN OF A SECOND!"

"WELL, BRONN!"





OTHER WINGS, COMPOSED OF THE STONES OF JAPANESE MONASTIC BODIES, NOW IN OPERATION ABOVE THE WORLD, AT THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT!







BEAR BIKE FACTS

BY THE GILLETTE BEAR



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO AND A HALF TWO WAS THE LAST WORD IN A FAMILY RECREATION OF 1910.



THE BROWN HEROES OF THE WAR 1910 WERE THE GLAMOROUS "BICYCLE" MEN OF AMERICA. THE GILLETTE BEAR RACING CLUBS (AROUND YOU—LOOK THEM UP!) WERE THE MOST FAMOUS.



"WELL, YOU KNOW, THE BEST" WAS IN 1910 "WELL, YOU KNOW" FOLLOWS. "WELL, YOU KNOW" IS THE FINEST, BEST OF 20 YEARS FOR BEAR, AND TO BE KEPT IN CHECK.



ON COUNTY ROAD 100, THE BEST OF GILLETTE BEAR TIRE IS THE BEST IN CONSTRUCTION AND SAFETY. GILLETTE'S ENDORSEMENT IS THE BEST OF THE GILLETTE TIRE IS A BEAR FOR YOU.

GILLETTE



Bicycle Tires

